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Space Dick



dicks

adventure

sci-fi

223 9 14

Chapter 1 by intellikat

Call me Fishmeal.

Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no cash in my man-purse, and nothing particular to interest me on earth, I thought I would fly about about a little and see the unknown parts of the universe. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before nursing homes, and tailgating every funeral procession I see in my Nissan Leaf; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into a local coffeehouse, and methodically knocking people's iPads off their tables—then, I account it high time to get to outer space as soon as I can. This is my substitute for a Glock 9mm. With a philosophical flourish Cato throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the starship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the vast universe with me.

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Come on people wakeup there are billions of universes out there, and the majority of you resign yourself to sitting watching the X-Factor on TV, along with your best friend called apathy.

On my travels I have seen things that would make sparks fly out of your underwear, but experience has told me that when try to explain these things to somebody, the reaction is normally a rolling of the eyes, and a quick look at the watch saying WOW.

It you tell people you have a space craft capable of going anywhere & seeing everything, they usually say really, and those who are parents generally place distance between you & there children. What should I say too convince these losers - would they find me more believable if I offered an anal probe!

It's moment's like these I want to buzz the sun, and give them a solar flare that would burn their toast, either that or go visit some wine bars & annoy the yuppies with my see through augmented reality 19inch 3D touch screen, which was not brought at Dixons.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



Instead, as previously stated, I take to the heavens aboard my starcraft, "The Stilted Pigeon" and buzz the locals of undeveloped worlds, hurling insults at them through the translation software built into my craft. Hot damn it's fun. But that is also the source of my nickname:

Space Dick.

Pleased to meet you. Buckle up. And we're off.

Space Dick's craft rose from the garbage-strewn suburban backyard in the fading light of a Thursday, and without further exposition required, headed for the stars. Were a dog, a cat, a rat, a baby to watch, they would have seen Space Dick at the helm, programming the coordinates of a remote Galaxy and forcing a mix CD into the old Pioneer sound system in the cockpit.

Space Dick separated from the grip of Earth's gravity easily and plunged into the blackness

beyond. Out of orbit, the thumpdrive kicked in and in a wink, the sleek craft was gone. On the other end of the universe it reappeared, having travelled into orbit now around an unnamed planet roughly a third the size of Earth, bathed in the leafy green

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Chapter 4 by Windlion



Imagine how a planet painted sea green looks.

Now imagine it in teal.

Filter out anything that looks even halfway attractive.

That's it, you've got it! Green mountains. Green deserts. Oceans with a green film surface
Locals struggling around in exposure suits that somehow manage to look ever worse when they are covered in green.

All courtesy of an advertising gimmick created by transstellar paint megacorporation Sherman Zillions!

Why did the people of The Planet That Has No Name let them do this? In a word, money.

The company bought them out. Guaranteed employment, lifetime healthcare, top echelon university scholarships for the kids, generous gratuities for the elected representatives and religious leaders.

The decillionaires kept second homes on less monochrome planets, of course, returning only once every century or so to renew their residency, collect their bonuses, and join in the worldwide Praising of the Green before they raced to take the next wormhole back to their multichromal lives.

The locals go back to wading through the green paint.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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